

Suck

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 26, 1914

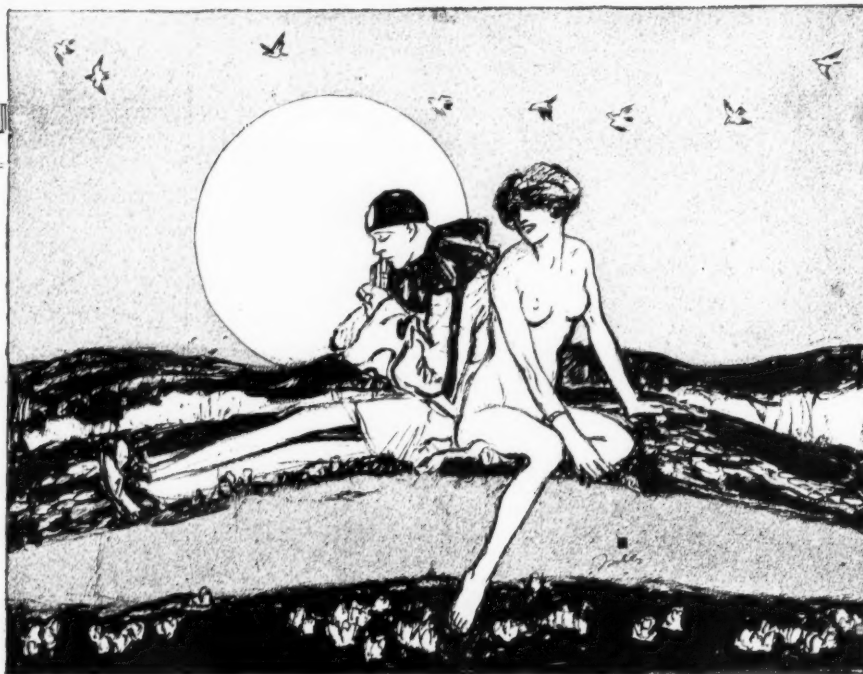
PRICE TEN CENTS



W. E. HILL

MADE IN AMERICA

PAINTED BY W. E. HILL



Within three months, *Puck* has been heralded all over the world in a news-dispatch as one of the few periodicals regularly received by the Crown Prince of Germany at his military headquarters —

—it has been quoted from the pulpit of a New York church, and its attitude made the text for a sermon —

—it has been characterized by an organization of national advertising men as the *only* periodical in the country that has accomplished *anything new* in publishing history in recent years —

—its daring solution of the problem of our national defense has been taken up by College Presidents, Generals of the U. S. Army and newspapers from coast to coast, and has been the subject of a lengthy editorial in the most widely circulated daily paper in America.

No Wonder PUCK'S Circulation Has Quadrupled in a Year!



Next Week the New PUCK'S First Birthday!

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER ON SALE DECEMBER 28

In the brilliancy of its color-pages, and in the keenness of its wit and satire, this number will surpass any issue of a humorous periodical heretofore published in this country. The leading artists of America and Europe will be represented, as well as the foremost humorists in the English language.

In spite of an edition of 105,000 copies, it may be difficult to obtain this Anniversary Number unless you leave an order at once with your newsdealer, or direct with the publishers.

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America's Oldest Humorous Weekly Closes the First Year of its Renaissance With a Record for Publishing Achievement

THIS number rounds out the first year of *Puck's* renaissance. It has at least been a year of achievement; whether or not it has been a year of fulfilment we leave to our readers new and old to answer. Compared page by page with the *Puck* issued one year ago, the transformation appears almost inconceivable. That the new *Puck* has struck the chord of popular fancy is best attested by the quadrupling of its circulation. Spurred by such emphatic endorsement, it shall be our aim to bring about betterments even upon the high standard which *Puck* has already established. We shall yield to no periodical the superiority of the color reproduction which from the outset has distinguished the new *Puck* above all contemporaries in the weekly field, and this brilliancy of illustration will be ably supported by the foremost humorists of the day. *Puck* has made publishing history during 1914; it will make considerably more in the year to come. Have you insured the regular arrival of *Puck* at your home during the fifty-two weeks to come?

WERE we to permit this resume of the past year to go to press without just recognition of our advertisers, we would be failing in a proper appreciation of one of the most vital forces in the rebirth of *Puck*. No single phase of the periodical's growth has been so steadily apparent as the increase in its advertising patronage. Perhaps no

indication is more significant of the public's favor than the marked expansion in the volume of advertising carried. In this connection we assure our readers of the entire responsibility of the advertisers represented in our pages. They are worthy of confidence, and their announcements are a valuable item in the completeness of any service rendered by the modern magazine. In this connection it is interesting to note that a regular advertiser in *Puck* recently received an English inquiry by cable, on which the tolls alone amounted to \$8.50. This advertiser is firmly convinced of the responsiveness of *Puck's* circulation. Readers who buy a magazine because they want it make the best audience for the advertiser, always.

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A Brief Summary of Next Week's Anniversary Number of Puck

A Real Automobile Issue

Not one that has a motor-car on the cover and not another whiff of gasoline anywhere else. This number is dedicated to the automobile, and every page bristles with spark-plugs, carburetors, and planetary transmissions. Hill, Ralph Barton, De Zayas, Greene, The Helds, Raymond Ewer, and Merle Johnson are only a handful of the artists who give us their impressions of motoritis next week.

Hy Mayer

The resurrection of the "Worm's-Eye Views" of this popular caricaturist have leaped into a quick popularity. Not only are they an original conception in the matter of drawing, but their application to tendencies of the day gives them an added interest.

Rolf Armstrong's Cover

We call it "Safety First." It's the kind of cover you'll hold off at a distance, squint your eyes at, and exclaim: "By Jove! That man knows how to handle color!" He certainly does—that's the reason for our picking this cover as an indication of what you may expect inside.

A Twenty-Eight Page Puck

To celebrate its first birthday under its new lease on life, next week's *Puck* will contain an extra four pages, three of which will be in color. Whenever possible, it is *Puck's* wish to add to its already generous measure of high-grade color work, especially since the arrival of many notable new examples of English and German color work.

"Rube" Goldberg Again

Another side-splitting double-page in color in his inimitable series "And They Get Away With It." This time the garage man comes in for a good-natured lampooning. If you've ever paid a repair bill—sure, good cartoonists do—you'll carefully frame this two-page cartoon and present it to your favorite garage for a Christmas gift.

James Huneker

There's always a note of interest in "The Seven Arts." Whether it is a play, a picture, a book, an opera, an intimate pen picture of some character of a former day, or a brilliant critique of an achievement in our own time, Mr. Huneker's judgment is ripe in reminiscence and accurate in its estimates.



GRINIGRAMS

The Germans have renamed Czenstochowa, Kaiserberg.
—War news.

There is an opening in the theatre of war for the man who names sleeping cars, or the latest collars.

An Illinois woman has given birth to two healthy boys within five weeks. An average rate of ten a year. Europe will need this type of mother pretty soon.

Thomas Mott Osborne, the new warden of Sing Sing, considers that "prison life should be simply a form of education." It is only a question of time when the New York Central will be running football specials to Sing Sing.

A despatch from Mexico City says that the recent procession of troops, the President, the Chiefs, and the Cabinet leading, was more than seven miles long. We can readily believe it. The various Presidents alone would take considerable time in passing a given point.

On the authority of a Hindu professor, we announce that plants become tired in uncongenial company, and droop with weariness. The shrinking violet, instead of being modest and shy, is really bored to death. Don't blame the florist if flowers don't last. It's yourself.

If the law's delay operates as usual, Marquard, Walter Johnson, and other balky baseballists, will have long grey whiskers and hardening of the arteries by the time they know who owns them.

"The immoderate use of chewing gum," quoth a certain doctor, "may lead to stomach disorders." Quite so. When the jaws begin to wag, the stomach naturally looks for something to come down, and gets peeved when it doesn't.

"My wife is the best all around sewer in the world."
—Correspondent of the N. Y. Sun.

This is not as bad as it sounds. What the gentleman really wishes to say is that his wife has no superiors in the art of needle wielding.

An Anti-Suffragist is a woman who comes out in public to fight for keeping women from coming out in public. If there is anything funnier than this in the history of politics, PUCK would like to hear of it.

Because of the "increased cost of wine," a Jersey Board of Trade has decided to abandon its annual banquet. Surely, some of the Belgian relief fund can be kept at home to alleviate such distress.

Governor-elect Whitman, of the Empire State, shows the same reticence in the presence of Woman Suffrage that his predecessors have shown. It is pathetic. When one is face to face with the inevitable there is but one thing to do: namely, bow. Look West, Governor, look West!



THE RETURN

Relative proportions of two celebrated Uncles, Sam and Joe, one of whom is apt to forget.

Villa and Zapata, so they declare, will retire to private life when their work is done. Oyster Bay papers please copy.

Transparent effects in evening gowns are the rule.

—Fashion yawp.

A rule which is honored both in the breach and in the observance.

A chicken, a cat, or a dog, is the latest thing in silk stocking embroidery. Doubtless to keep the calves from becoming lonely.

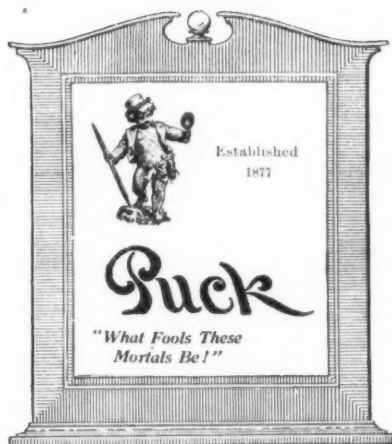
It is now announced that "the twilight sleep" will cure the liquor habit. The "morning after" sleep has been tried and found wanting.

Occasionally, we should like to hear of a "personal friend" who is not "warm."

Shot forty-one times, back at front.—Headline.

An unusual transposition of anatomy.

Without being indifferent to the needs of the Belgians, one may yet commend W. R. Hearst for his patriotic editorial reminder—in which PUCK heartily concurs—that opportunities for relieving distress are by no means confined to Europe. The charity which begins at home is, to be sure, much less spectacular than the charity which begins at an "at home." Some folks' motto, we fear, is Faith, Hope, and Publicity.



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PUCK AND THE PRESIDENT

Parallels are usually described as "deadly." Generally, they are associated with plagiarists or prevaricators. It gives us pleasure to print a parallel which neither incriminates nor degrades, but which gratifies and confirms. On the vital subject of national defense, President Wilson's views so strikingly align with those of *Puck*, views voiced some weeks ago on this page, that resort to the "parallel" is inevitable.

In all its thirty-seven years, *Puck* never took an editorial stand which attracted more attention than that in which it suggested the introduction of compulsory drill in our universities and colleges for the upbuilding of a national reserve of trained men. It is on this phase of the defense question that President Wilson's views and those expressed by *Puck* have so much in common.

From *Puck* of November 14, 1914

"While it is not *Puck*'s intention to dwell upon the needs of the army and navy, it must be apparent to all that one phase of need goes deeper than guns or forts or submarines or air-craft. There is a need of men. It takes more than good will, more than money to equip, clothe, feed, and organize an army. The foundation of military strength in any nation is trained men, men who are accustomed to discipline, men who when called to the colors do not have to spend from six months to a year in a training camp.

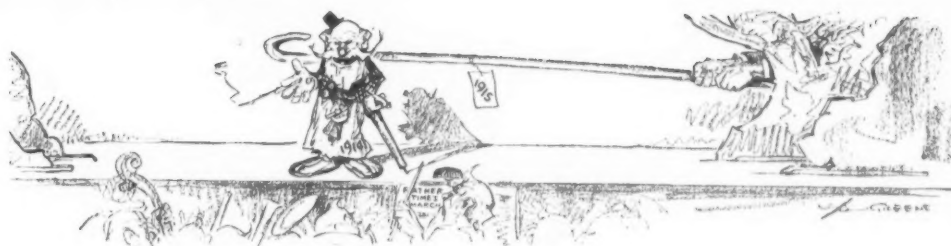
"The universities and colleges of our country could solve the problem of adequate military defense. Trained men could be recruited from the ranks of our students by a simple system. For less money than is at present expended for the football team, a system of military drill, under the supervision of a corps of trained experts, could be installed which would be of real body-building benefit to every student. *Puck* suggests that a university army, whose regiments would be the student body of each of our colleges, would meet the needs of the physical development of the students and of national emergency defense."

From the President's Message, December 8, 1914

"We must depend in every time of national peril, in the future as in the past, not upon a standing army, nor yet upon a reserve army, but upon a citizenry trained and accustomed to arms. It will be right enough, right American policy, based upon our accustomed principles and practices, to provide a system by which every citizen who will volunteer for the training may be made familiar with the use of modern arms, the rudiments of drill and maneuver, and the maintenance and sanitation of camps.

"We should encourage such training and make it a means of discipline which our young men will learn to value. It is right that we should provide it not only, but that we should make it as attractive as possible, and so induce our young men to undergo it at such times as they can command a little freedom and can seek the physical development they need, for mere health's sake, if for nothing more.

"Every means by which such things can be stimulated is legitimate, and such a method smacks of true American ideas."



There is more than passing satisfaction in having one's stand on so great an issue confirmed in spirit by the President of the United States. Especially at a time when Jingoism and sober plans for national defense are so badly mixed in people's minds.

To say of music that it "hath charms to soothe the savage breast" is to state but a partial truth. Music, it seems, hath also the devilish makings of international unpleasantness. Witness the order of Secretary Daniels, forbidding the singing of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" by the men of the Navy. In its attitude toward the present war, the United States is neutral, and "Tipperary" is a British marching song, the singing of which might give grave offense to the Kaiser and to Emperor Francis Joseph, not to mention the Sultan of Turkey. Nervous Americans, fearful lest their country be drawn into the whirlpool of strife, sigh with relief as they contemplate the careful Josephus. There is "safety first," last and all the time when even song is censored.

But the prevention which is better than cure should not stop with "Tipperary." If strict neutrality is to be observed by the United States, there are other and older ditties to be soft-pedaled. It is all very well to placate Germany by putting "Tipperary" in the official discard, but how about Great Britain? And how about France? What is Brother Daniels going to do to keep those powers in good humor? Relations are growing tense. Bands all over the land, naval, military; theatre orchestras in every city and town; "professors" at the piano where there are no orchestras; pianolas and phonographs everywhere—all play with brazen recklessness "The Star Spangled Banner" and occasionally "Hail, Columbia."

It is like smoking a pipe in a powder magazine—it surely is. At every army post in the

United States, on every ship of the United States navy, "The Star Spangled Banner" is played at least once a day. Doesn't Secretary Daniels know that this song was written by Francis Scott Key while he was a prisoner on a British warship during the misunderstanding of 1812? Doesn't he know that the author mentions the British army as a "haughty host," and alludes later on to "their foul footsteps' pollution"? What is an innocent little thing like "Tipperary" compared with that!

And then there is "Hail, Columbia." This national heirloom was known originally as "The President's March," and it was played nightly in American theatres away back in 1797, when the young and nervy United States was on the verge of war with France. "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," history tells us, echoed through the land, and when they sang the words of "The President's March" people referred to a "rude foe with impious hand," and it was France that they meant.

Neutrality? Why, it is a joke while these tunes are played and sung. There is nothing in the words of "Tipperary" to offend even Herman Ridder, but the two lyrics above cited abound in smouldering possibilities. To the fact that nobody knows the words of either of them is probably due our escape from complications, but it is a perilous path we are treading. Josephus, Josephus, your work is just begun. Say to yourself: "I care not who makes my country's laws, if I may censor its songs." Delete, Josephus, delete!

"The Government suppresses all news of casualties and seeks to enliven the spirits of the populace by having bands play lively airs in the public squares."

—The news from Austria.

How lively must an air be to cause a mother to forget her sons?



EUROPE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE FIRST

One pleasant morning, some time ago, "Old Sol" had occasion to look down on the Garden, and smile, merely because he had discovered Eve, busily engaged in gazing at her own image in the waters of a spring, at whose edge she was kneeling.

She seemed to be filled with wonderment—and why?

But a short time before, for purpose none other than that of inhaling its sweet perfume, she had crowded her nose into the cup of a beautiful flower, plucked, we will say, by friend Adam.

After the flower had been cast aside to wither and fade, some of its pollen had remained on the tip of her nose, and a bit on either cheek.

Yea, and the markets, to-day, are flooded with face powder, whose brands are more than many!

Popular government is where any doctrine, in order to prevail, has only to be unpopular enough with unpopular people.



THE OPTIMIST

HER FIRST BOOK

"Your novel will be bound in cloth, of course," announced the pompous publisher.

"Oh, how nice!" exclaimed the girlish author. "And may I select the cloth? I choose pink chiffon."

A NEWSPAPER DICTIONARY

Affinity.—A second wife.

College Man.—A high school graduate.

Dense Smoke.—What the firemen fight their way through. (See *overcome*.)

Grilling Cross-Examination.—Questions asked the defendant. (See *subjected*.)

Heart Balm.—What a woman sues for.

In a Body.—How the members of a fraternal order go to theatre. (See *attend*.)

Nearby Drugstore.—Where the injured man is carried. (See *innocent bystander*.)

Race With Death.—A visit to a sick person. (See *special train*.)

Shots.—Something that ring out. (See *still night*.)

Sweeping Denial.—A statement by the accused. (See *issue*.)

Traffic.—Something that is paralyzed. (See *blizzard*.)

Trusted Employee.—The man for whom the police are looking.



Warning to Young Men Who Write Love Letters to College Girls

THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM

Thirty-five men lined up in front of Commissioner Rourke, of the Public Works Department of Boston. They were candidates for jobs. They had eager faces. They saw real money rising over the horizon. In spite of the fact that but six men were to be selected from the thirty-five, all looked confident.

"The work in hand, just now," said Commissioner Rourke, addressing the ambitious assembly, "is digging trenches for water connections. The pay will be \$15 a week, with Saturday half-holidays and two weeks' vacation with pay."

The line of thirty-five prospective civic heroes wavered. It wavered, rallied for a moment, and then broke. Twenty-nine candidates fled as though a Jack Johnson had burst among them. Two surrendered on the ground that they were physically unfit to dig trenches—which plea, on examination, was found to be true. When the smoke cleared away, only four men were left on the field—four hardy heroes who said that though they did not hanker after the pick and shovel, they would submit rather than remain among the unemployed. Commissioner Rourke is now calling for two more volunteers.

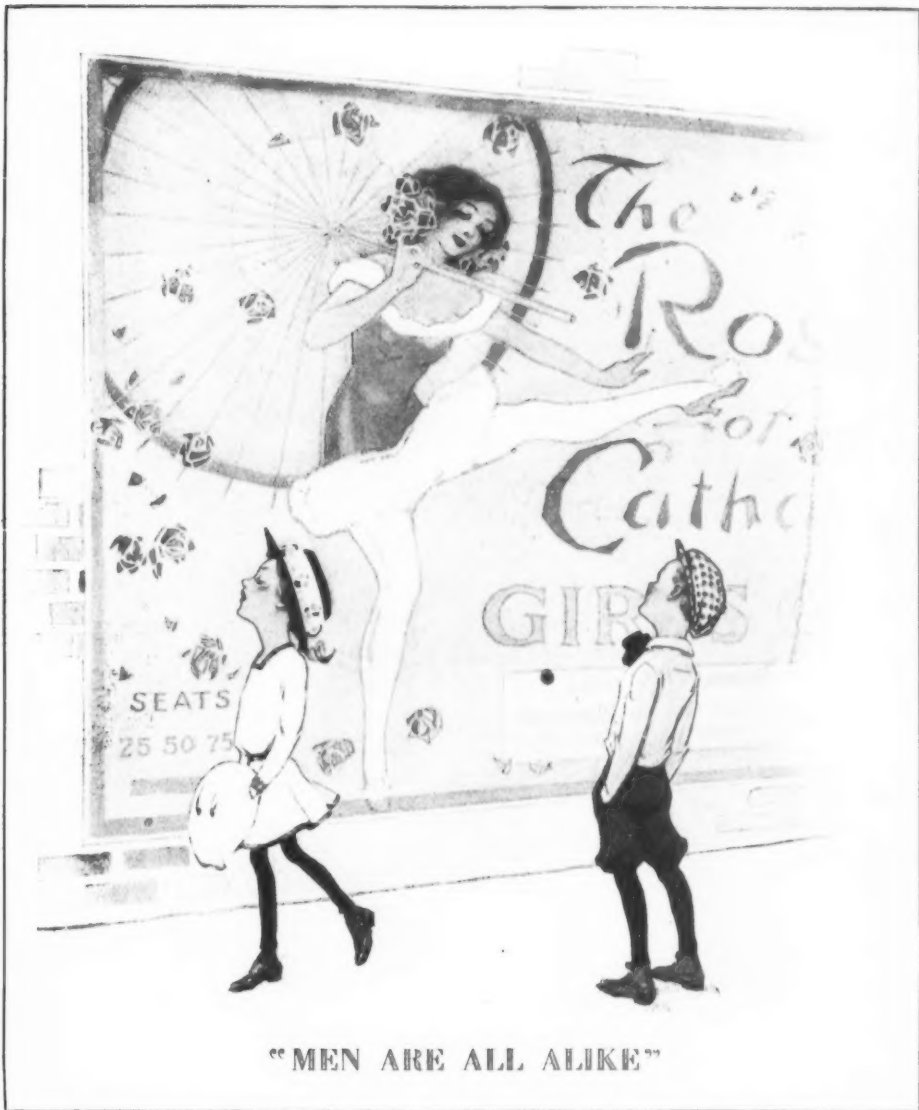
Perhaps the word "trench" has gained a too terrible significance in the last three months of history. Perhaps the twenty-nine yeomen be-thought themselves, at the last moment, of better opportunities for their talent—say, decorating post-cards, or taking orders for crayon enlargements, or some other light employment that marks the native-born gentleman. At any rate, even the \$15 a week, the half-holiday, and the two-weeks' spree thrown in were powerless to gloss the sordid occupation of tossing mother earth.

But if you should meet any one of these twenty-nine, he will tell you with a droop of the lower lip, that times are terrible; that the vulture capitalist is tearing the vitals from the laboring man; that Wilson never should have been elected; and that foreigners must be kept out of the country. He will then solicit the small sum of ten cents, wherewith to adjourn to the nearest dispensary of balm for wounded pride.



FAITH

INNOCENT CHILD (in Cubist's studio): God knows what that is, doesn't He, Mama?



FORTUNES OF WAR

(A letter from Anatol Rousillon, recently leading tenor with the Cosmopolitan Opera Company, to his American manager.)

On the Battle Front.

MON CHER ANDREAS:

I write to you to protest against the execrable unjustness with which I am being treated here in the war.

Serving in my artillery company is Raoul Campierre, who, as you so well know, is a singer of inferiority. Yet, behold! Because Raoul's uncle is commander of a regiment, this indifferent singer, whose vocal range, as has oft been demonstrated to you, is one full octave less than mine, is given a field piece that shoots four miles, while I, who take high C with greater ease than this abominable interloper sings A, must content myself with a cannon of lesser range, one that throws shells but a scant two miles! *Nom du nom!*

I appeal to you, I humble myself in the dust at your feet, to plead that you will at once cable to the war office of my dear France to have this grave injustice corrected, and to see to it that I am given a cannon whose range is in keeping with the range of my voice, and that the vile Raoul is transferred to the infantry, where he may shoot a rifle, this firearm being more compatible with his small calibre.

I live in hope,

ANATOL.

BEING PREPARED

"Why do you practice kicking and gouging so assiduously, Waldo?" asked his mother.

"So as to be able to vindicate our priceless culture should occasion arise."

Villain.—One who believes that all ladies are women.

Hero.—One who believes that all women are ladies.

Some of our old-time statesmen who used to figure in poker stories are now trying to connect up with a few nice golfing anecdotes.



UNFRIENDLY

HE: Hang the wind, anyway!

The Seven Arts by James Huneker

The Altman Collection

A more gracious form of public beneficence is hardly conceivable than the Benjamin Altman donation of art treasures to the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Altman loved pictures and porcelains and sculptures, and, while not a man with a fixed idea or belief in any one school, still he knew what he wanted, and procured it. His picture gallery was not the result of long years of meditation and collecting, though his china was. He had certain preferences, notably the quaint old Dutch school, some Flemish Primitives, and the noble Spaniard, Velasquez. Yet that did not prevent him from admiring the Italian Primitives, and, while his magnificent gift to the Museum is in no sense a representative gathering of any particular school, nevertheless it reveals the catholic tastes of its donor. But we must guard against the prevalent opinion that the Altman Collection is faultless, is above criticism; indiscriminate admiration naturally enough expressed just now in the first flush of gratitude at the magnitude of the gift may prove a stumbling block to both student and amateur; in a word, all the pictures and art objects in this collection are not masterpieces. Far from it. There are private collections in America that excel at every point, quality and quantity, the Altman; furthermore, there is bound to be a slump in critical values if the key is pitched too high at the outset. Consider the case of the Morgan Collection and the now openly-expressed disappointment of connoisseurs who had expected something faultless, whereas, setting aside the Raphael, the Fragonards, and the Gainsborough Duchess, there are some pessimistic people who assert that the gem of the collection in the Museum is the portrait of a little Dutch baby, and that by an unknown master, for masterly it is.

Some Critical Values

Therefore, it is well to guard against uncritical enthusiasm. All Rembrandts are not masterpieces—especially when his pupils painted them; and Frans Hals painted unequally, as the Altman examples prove up to the hilt. Nor must the rather reckless use of such sacred names as Giorgione and Titian be accepted without protest. But the Rembrandt Gallery is a handsome one, a baker's dozen of the masters, and, while it cannot be compared en masse with the Cassel Gallery assemblage—what gallery can outside of the Rijks Museum?—the Altman Rembrandts are his trump cards. Several, at least, are masterpieces; all are of interest, though not equal in artistic merit. "The Old Woman Cutting Her Nails" is a magisterial work, almost monumental, and is already the lodestone for visitors. Yet, after two or three visits it ceased to make the profound appeal it should have done, because it is obviously not Rembrandt at his mightiest. For one thing, the figure is over-modelled; the bulk is sculptural rather than pictorial; there is more than a suggestion of pose, of a self-consciousness that robs the composition of pristine simplicity, of the effortless art of which Rembrandt knew so well the secret. Dramatic is this grand old woman with the untrimmed nails, but she is also out of, and not in, the frame—like an operatic prima-donna she faces the footlights ready for her exalted aria. Of the paint quality there is no doubt—it is beautiful in its sweep and fat richness. The imagination of the Seer of Amsterdam is greatly daring, and the head is sibylline, but not altogether in the clear-obscurity of the painter. Simplicity is the quality less in evidence. If this sounds like hypercriticism, please remember I've lived with the Rembrandts of the Louvre, National Gallery, at Cassel, and in Holland. Still, what a piece of luck for Mr. Altman to have secured this rare specimen, for it is unlike any Rembrandt I've ever seen in its rhetorical quality. From the sombre heart of darkness the master plucked the mystery, and, except in his etchings—after all, the man at his best—he seldom touches earth with his august feet; touches reality, as did, say, the matchless Vermeer.

But this "Old Woman," like her neighbor, also an old lady, is far from being the "Elizabeth Bas" of the Rijks. More characteristic is the "Toilet of Bethsheba," on another wall. This lovely dream in gloom and old gold I studied for years in the backroom of Count Steengracht's mansion on the Vyverberg, at The Hague. How many visitors to that fascinating Dutch city have admired this woman who tempted the royal psalmist! She is not subtle or comely as are the Titian women, but she is compelling enough, and she is placed in an enchanting glow which Rembrandt alone could evoke. For me, "Bethsheba" is the Rembrandt of the Altman Collection, and after the first imperious pull of "The Old Woman Cutting Her Nails" relaxes, you will find yourself returning to the magnetic portrait of the unfaithful wife, which has the true visionary aspect of Rembrandt. Why the Rijks Museum authorities allowed this masterpiece to escape may be set down to the fact that too much money had



By C. B. FALLS

look at the thrice-lovely girl with the pitcher, sometimes called "The Girl Opening the Casement." That is beautiful Vermeer, with its blue, yellow, and silvery-gray tonalities, much more so than the Morgan Vermeer, which hangs hard by. I confess that the De Hooch, Nicholas Maes, the Gerard Dou, the Terburg (or Terborch) did not interest me; like the three Frans Hals's, they are mediocre. "The Wheatfields," by Jacob Van Ruisdael, is fine, and better than the Hobbema. Of the three examples by Frans Hals, two of them are in his bacchanalian, bombastic vein—a Jan Steen vein. I recall "The Merry Company" from the Hudson-Fulton Exhibition. Its pattern is ingenious, its color scheme hot and flamboyant. None of the three display the virtuosic brush work of the brilliant Dutchman. I like better the Marquand Hals's not to mention the Rembrandt's; but not the so-called "Hille Bobbe," or "The Smoker," which are both unhappy attributions, as the original of "Hille" is in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that several of these Halses are by Dirk, not Frans.

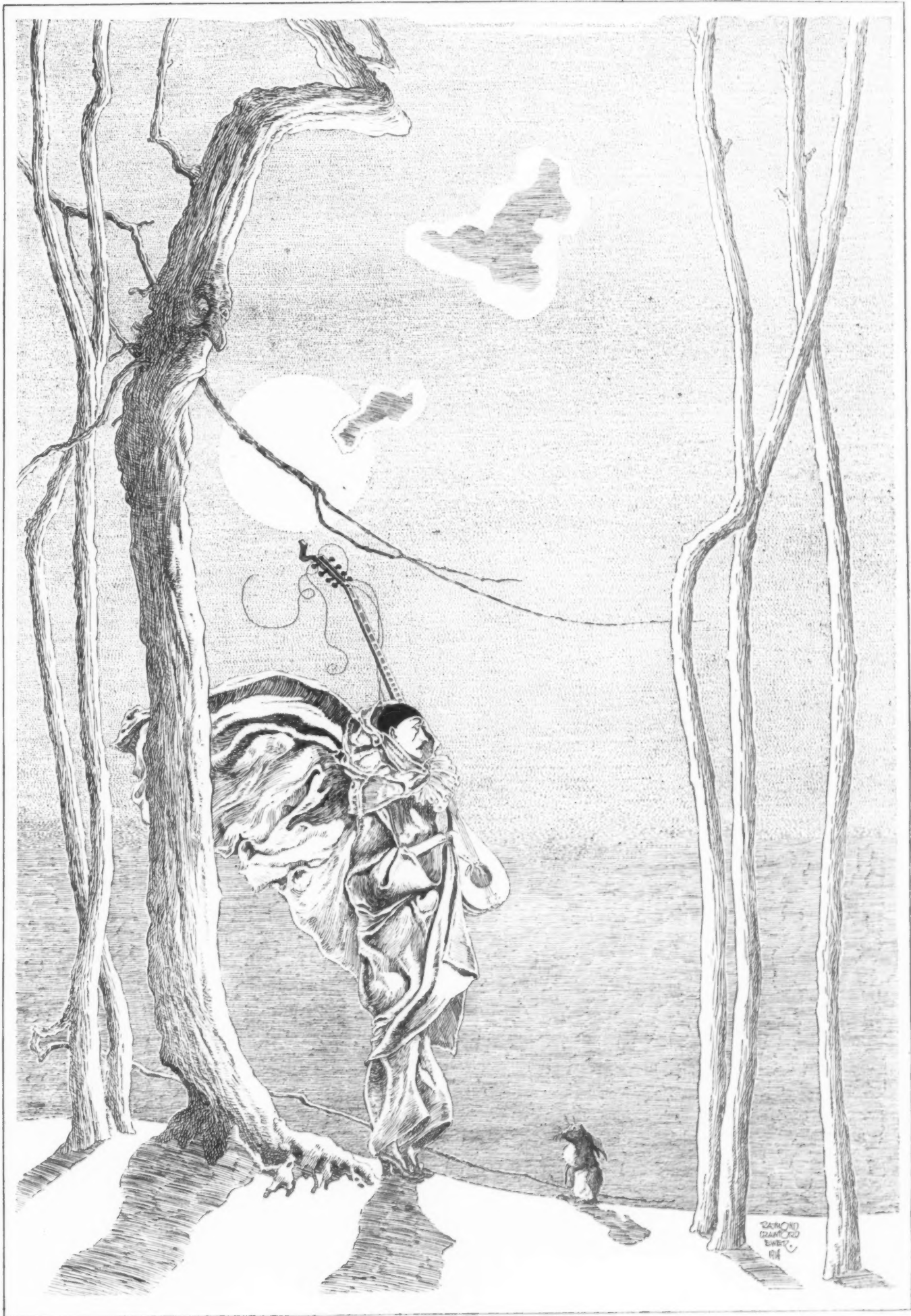
The "Christ" of Velasquez is, as De Buete relates, an early work. It is hot and heavy in color, as heavy as Caravaggio (who was called, I believe, Lo Spagnoletto).

A Velasquez for the student of his various manners it is, but not very convincing. The "Philip IV" is a pale, feeble school piece, possibly by his son-in-law, Mazo. At the Prado, and in the National Gallery, the real "Philip IV" may be seen; not here—above all, not in the Boston Museum, where the "Philip" might be a replica of the Altman, or t'other way about. The two Van Dycks are nice, though hardly significant; nor by the same token is the Titian. Giorgione and Vermeer are such rare birds that it is arrant blasphemy to place their names in a catalogue unless the picture ascribed to either of them is unmistakable. Mr. Berenson believes this Altman portrait to be an unquestionable Giorgione, and there is no disputing Berenson. Nor Bode, either. But even if it is a Giorgione, does that say much for this particular canvas? It is the Venetian of his period, and exhales a certain charm, as do many Venetian artists of "Big George of Castelfranco's" days.

A few years ago I happened to be in Hamburg, and reading the advertisement of Consul Weber's pictures, I visited his house, and there found a few good pictures, also a profusion of junk and wholly worthless attributions. A small Rembrandt, the head of a boy, was capital, and at the sale later eagerly snapped up. Down on the dismal cellar-like first floor were about a half acre of Flemish, German, and Italian Primitives. Among them "The Holy Family," by Andrea Mantegna, which Mr. Altman was happy in capturing. It is the treasure of his Italian section, a work of exceeding charm and nobility. Mantegna is not often encountered in European Galleries, and now artistic Europe will visit our Museum to see this Mantegna. I wish I could become as enthusiastic over the Memlings—of which one at least betrays German origin (all these Memlings are doubtful), or the Albrecht Durer—once known as "Our Lady of the Gumboli," and full of poisonously acid paint; or over the Botticelli, which in not a linear detail reveals its origin; or over Memling's "Bethsheba." Whosoever has tarried in Bruges will not long delay before this well-executed composition, devoid of spiritual atmosphere. The Dierckx Bouts is excellent, and the Cosma Tura very

(Continued on page 20)





Drawn by R. C. EWER

A WINTER PHANTASY

THE CON MAN'S CHRISTMAS



Say, Santy, I'm slipping it straight to you,
The game ain't good as it used to be;
I'm getting close to my final sou,
And poverty ain't no hit with me.
I've tried the cards and the poolroom stuff,
But the lollops shied and the swag was slim;
Say, honest, Santy, the graft is tough—
Bring me a nice big boob to trim.

Say, you're a Regular Guy, I know,
You wouldn't be turning a poor crook down,
So give me a chance and I'll cop the dough,
There ain't no slicker gazabe in town.
You get me, Santy, I ain't no shirk
When it comes to bunco I'm there with vim,
You land me the live one, I'll do the work—
Bring me a nice big boob to trim.

Some few of us can betray temperament without losing our tempers, but, speaking generally, temperament begins where temper leaves off.

Many a girl who starts in matrimony by seeming a cooing dove turns out after a few years to be a pouter-pigeon.



Out of the Mouths of Babes



HIS ANNUAL BAT

"Gee, I'm tired! Was out all night."

GOING TOO FAR

The blow had fallen. Of course, it had to come. The rate of progress of scientific research made it obvious that, sooner or later, the last stronghold would fall. Nothing is sacred to the scientist. Not even the liar.

To arms, ye liars! Ye amateurs, ye semi-pros, and ye professionals! It is now to do or die! It is a fight to the finish. The gage has been thrown down by one Dr. Louisa Burns of Chicago. She announces that she can detect the most finished liar that ever lied, simply by observing his blood pressure. She avers (with what truth it remains to be proved in the coming strife) that the man or woman doesn't live who can tell a lie to her and get away with it.

This is a challenge that must be met. The whole world is affected. Young liars, infant prevaricators, vigorous middle-aged liars, liars of the business world, the social world, liars of press, and—er—one might perhaps add, *pulpit*—all must arise as one liar to meet this enemy.

For if this blood-pressure thing gains credence, if it is really true and efficient, why you can see the finish of our ancient and interesting art right now. The most accomplished liar in the nation; the liar par-excellence; the thirty-fourth degree master-liar; the liar who brings to his profession all the refinements and accessories that have been developed in five centuries of patient study—would be as a truthful babe in the hands of Dr. Louisa Burns and her malevolent associates. Let her only just feel the blood pressure of the master—and the jig is up. He may have a straight and convincing countenance; his hand may be steady and his eye like that of Washington, but it will avail nothing.

By the gods, this is going too far! A whole art wiped out overnight! It is comparable to the bombardment of Rheims—just as wanton, just as barbarous. Lives there a liar whose blood pressure does not rise with righteous indignation and pugnacity?

There is one possible solace—if we liars but knew. If we but knew! If we had only been present to observe the blood pressure of Dr. Louisa Burns, when she made her claim!

WHEN IT'S TAME AND OLD

NELLIE: Mother, what is a conservative?

MRS. DE SWIFT: A man who won't let his wife wear an up-to-the-minute gown—until next week.



"NEXT-TO-READING"

When you follow the fate of a heroine queen,
Through the devious trail of a new magazine,
And she's reached a dilemma which leaves you in doubt
As to how in the world it is all coming out,
Don't you find it at times quite a bit of a bore
To read it's "Continued on page sixty-four"?
Then turning the pages with feverish speed,
It's quite disconcerting, I'm sure you'll concede,
To find that Lord Duffer is wedged in between
"The Elixir of Beauty" and "Sweet Soapaline."

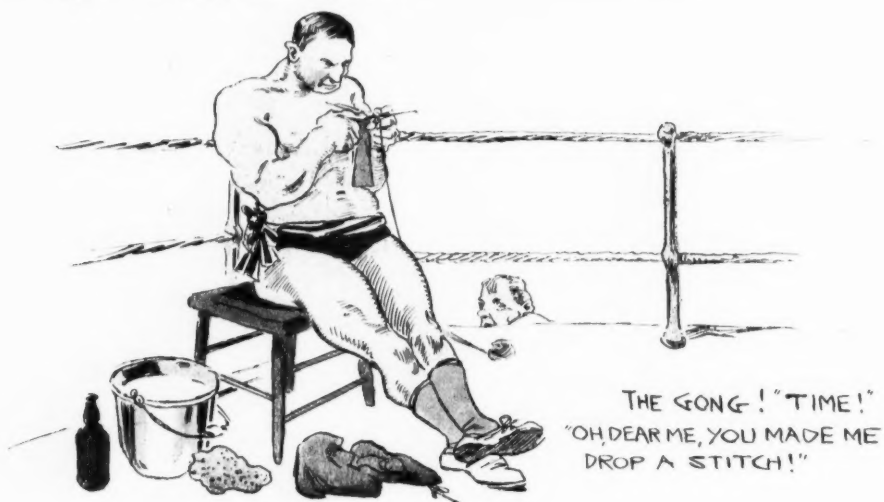
And the heroine queen with the long golden hair,
Whenever she's tracked to her tortuous lair,
Lies snugly ensconced amid pages of dope
On self-stropping razors and new shaving soap.
And the bold crafty villain is found vis-a-vis,
With a cool "Poros-Knit" or a new "B. V. D."
So remember, kind reader, and don't vent your spleen,
It's simply the way of the new magazine.
The reason's apparent, it's not hard to state,
"Next-to-reading," you see, gets a much higher rate.



"REALLY THE ONLY TIME I GET TO DO MY KNITTING."



THE SUBWAY CONDUCTOR: "I HOPE I'LL GET THIS SOCK DONE BEFORE WE GET TO BLEECKER STREET"



THE GONG! "TIME!"
"OH, DEAR ME, YOU MADE ME
DROP A STITCH!"



Hy-
Mayer

"I THINK I'LL"

THE KNITTING



"I THINK I'LL TAKE THESE FOR THE BELGIANS."



AND WHAT A BOON TO THE CHESS PLAYERS!



"NO, MY DEAR,
I WASH TKNITTING
AT THE TLUB."



By HY MAYER

BY WILL HOUGHTON,
OF LONDON

A PUZZLE FOR SANTA CLAUS

SPORTS AND CUT-UPS

Another "All-American" College Team

In making this year's selection abundance of material proves a real obstacle, for with so many deserving of honors the task of picking an all-America team becomes as hard as two Chinese puzzles. How can the conscientious dopest omit all mention of Piggy Wallace, Washington and Jefferson, '18, who capped W. & J.'s football triumph over Yale by going up to ex-President Taft and boning him for the makin's? Or, can one choose an all-American aggregation and omit Chuck Rice, Oregon U., '15, who in a single summer's evening left two Boston Tech. men, one Princeton graduate, and a Wisconsin engineer, littered under various cafe tables in the fair city of Portland, Ore.? Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that these and similar exploits abound, certain names stand out in purple ink.

For instance, the blue ribbon for Chief Sign Lifter goes without question to Old Buck Henson, Union, '17. Buck is the boy who got all the barber poles in Schenectady and set them up in front of the Prexydential residence with the

happy result that next morning two traveling men and a visiting minister blew into Prexy's breakfast room, took off their coats, and asked for a shave with face massage.

Again, as the Gold Medal Celebrator, Snifty Addison, Beloit, '15, though coming in a small package, is all there. Let others start ructions after great victories—Snifty pulled off his celebrated stunt because the Greek Prof. caught cold after lecturing on The Ancient Greek Costume. Fact. Snifty organized the grandest Nightshirt Parade on record simply, as he naively explained, because he thought that the sick Prof. needed "a hot application." Thanks for a brand new idea, Snifty.

In the race for Chief Lady Killer we are compelled to include both Pick Walcott, Harvard, '15, and Hank Schmedeman, Michigan Aggy Post Grad. Hank boasts 147 sofa pillows, each marking a definite and distinct conquest, while Pick can eat for nothing in any Boston restaurant where bright eyes and a powder puff are behind the cashier's desk.

After some hesitation we are compelled to concede that Shorty Hicks, Purdue, '16, has the

call as Master of Bar Manners. This is done only after carefully considering the claims of Beer Watkins, Penn State, '16, and Sport Todhunter, Virginia, '18. Shorty is perfection itself in all those little details that make or mar the *entente cordiale* between stein and stude. Many will recall how, after the Chicago game, Shorty drank every round from 6.15 P.M. till 5.37 A.M. and then was carried off weeping because they wouldn't let him pay the whole check.

Without doubt, the Star Initiator is Bull McGrew, Kenyon, '15. Bull is not fancy in his work, but he has done some big things. As a member of the Alpa Betes he will be remembered for the nonchalant way with which he hung up a Freshman by the thumbs, and then forgot all about it while attending a football game.

In this connection there rises inevitably the honored name of Joke Hennessy, Princeton, '16, who seems to qualify as Head Hazer. Joke sent two Freshmen up an ancient tree to hang their smiles on the third limb from the top. Result: two legs, a collar bone, and various internal injuries. You have to hand it to dear old Joke.

Still, when it comes to King of the Rough Stuff, Percy (this is only a nickname) Perterson, Minnesota, '17, wins in a walk. Percy spends his summers in the great North woods, coming down for his winter recreation to the U. of M. His masterly attack on the whole Madison, Wisconsin, police force, which ended in the calling out of the fire department, the local militia, and a lynching party, will be retailed around the evening fire wherever the Norsk is dialected.

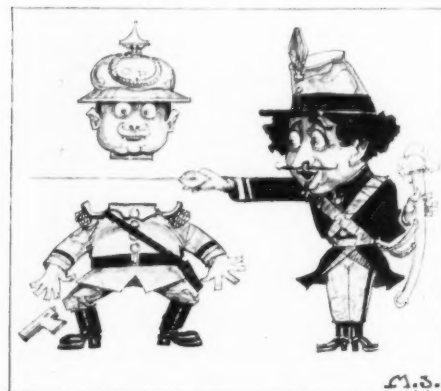
Lastly, Wallie Daniels, Yale, '16, sprints to the front as the Prize Show Buster. Older methods will always have their place. The bright lexicon of youth will never lack directions for breaking up theatrical performances with catcalls, peanuts, or sneeze-powder. But Wallie is the free spirit who first thought of swarming over the footlights and grabbing the actorines. Those who were present when Wallie ended the tour of "The Merry Maids from Forty-Second Street" Burlesque Company, will appreciate how much honor is due this daring innovator.

To sum up: material was never so plentiful. If all the promising lights of the current year were gathered into a single dormitory, it is estimated that within four hours and twenty-eight minutes the chapel bell would be melted up into small seidel-shaped watch-charms; while at least seventeen green stripes would have been painted around the person of the Professor of Syriac and Lower Chaldean.

IN STYLE

VISITOR: So you have three new babies at your house. What do you think of that?

WILLIE: Oh, I suppose someone started a "Buy a Baby" movement and Ma thought she'd stock up.



OUR BARBER AT THE FRONT

"Ees eet sharp eenough for you? Yes?"

HE WANTS TO GO BACK

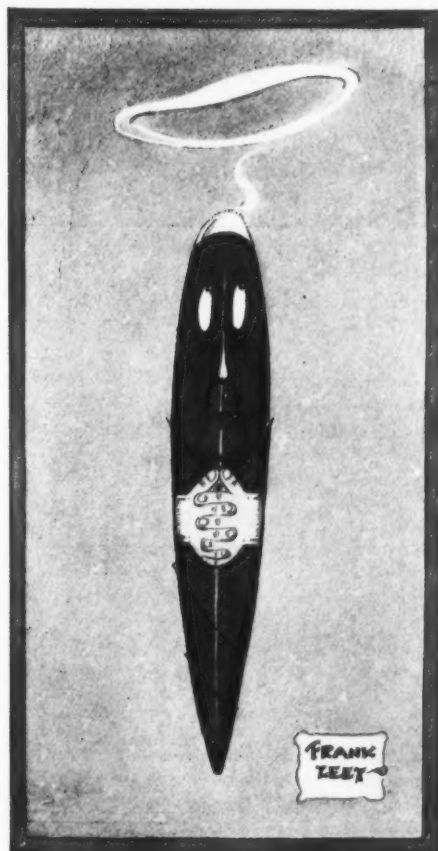
With cold weather fairly upon us, Capt. Bob Bartlett is reminded of the joys of the frozen north. He is homesick for the northern lights, the arctic ice, the toothsome pemmican and the seductive gum-drop—dearly beloved of Esquimaux. He wants to go back. It's a whole year since Capt. Bob was up there on the good ship Karluk. Capt. Bob, you recall, got back to Broadway, but the Karluk remained, embraced by two large cakes of ice.

You'd think Mr. Bartlett would be satisfied to let bygones be bygones, and sit around the stove this Winter, and josh the oldest inhabitant, saying, "Thirty below zero this morning? Huh! That's nothing; why I remember, etc., etc." He could tell yarns of low temperature that would make a native of Northfield, Vt., feel sunburned in January. But he wants to go back.

He is very frank in saying that it is more of a whim than a scientific enthusiasm. Credit him with this: he does not aver that he wishes to collect walrus specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. "I don't want to be hampered by any geographical societies or newspapers." Laudable, Capt. Bob, laudable! And don't let the Danes know anything about the excursion, either.

"I think I can prove," says the Captain, "that the ice floe will carry us around the pole and back again." A sort of round trip, you might say. You see what faith Mr. Bartlett has in the polar ice flow. This flow has carried several excursions around the north pole, but *not* back again. It is a fine trip if he can make it.

But somehow, we don't seem able to get any too blaméd excited about further investigations in that part of the world. Already the pole has been discovered by two explorers and one liar, and if it has made any perceivable difference in the cost of living, the march of progress or the conduct of politics, we haven't heard of it.



A GOOD CIGAR

Our Special Brand for Smoking Clergymen



THE SLUMBER CUE

DOUBTING BROWN'S SISTER: If Lucy nodded when you proposed she certainly must have accepted you.
DOUBTING BROWN (*despondently*): But it was after three in the morning.

ONE EFFECT OF THE WAR

"And now Turkey has gone in—that makes another country," muttered the man sitting next to me, sorrowfully.

"More bloodshed, suffering, and misery," said I, sympathetically.

"I ain't thinking of that," he said, wearily, "but I'm the man that tends to the big, colored war map in front of the *Tribune*. I use red tacks to show positions of British troops, blue for German, green for Belgian, brown for French, black for Russian, yellow for Servian, purple for Japanese, and I'm going to use pink for the Turkish but I'll be blamed if I know what to do if any more mix in."

The easiest way to climb the social ladder is to have your grandfather begin at the bottom of it.

IN 1924

VISITOR: Why all this riotous celebration? Didn't your team get the worst beating in football history?

COLLEGE STUDENT: Yes; but—Rah-Rah-Rah! —the game drew \$8,753.49 more than any other one in the country.

LAGGING BEHIND

"Nature always keeps abreast of mankind's needs."

"Maybe so. But she hasn't come along as yet with a khaki-colored horse."

ONE RELIEF

"This war is a terrible thing; isn't it?"

"Perfectly dreadful. Still, you don't have to keep explaining to people of your set why you are not in Paris."

UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTROL

The Railroad "Book of Rules" Revised

THE STATION-MASTER

has charge of the station where he is located, and of the persons who are employed therein. It is his duty to see that the majority of persons so employed are males of voting age, affiliated with the dominant party; to have reports from these men every morning as to conditions in their respective districts and to reward or penalize them according to their deserts. When these reports have been boiled down and forwarded to the Grand Panjandrum, the station-master should attend to the movement of trains through his station, the herding of the passengers on the most available train for their destination, and the forwarding of the accumulated baggage.

If any waiting passenger, or group of the same, should make protest against tardiness of movement, or should make any effort to disturb the serenity of the political activities of the station or train employees, it shall be the station-master's duty to at once warn by proclamation (Form 23A) the recalcitrants against such unseemly behavior, and, if persisted in, form a posse of brakemen and flagmen and eject the disorderly remonstrants from the station premises. After reporting his action in this respect to the High Muckamuck he may resume his direction of the movement of trains, provided there is any available equipment on the sidings within a megaphone call.

Under Section 1001 of the general regulations it is unlawful for persons to annoy the station-master with frivolous, flippant or other questions designed to elicit information concerning trains.

THE PASSENGER CONDUCTOR

must go out on the train to which he is assigned, unless some political duty detains him. As he passes through many points in his day's work, he must converse with the platform loafers at each station, and his fellow-employees thereat, assimilate the drift of neighborhood opinion, encouraging the partisan and admonishing the reformer. He must make detailed reports (Form PX) in duplicate to the Train Boss at each end of his run, and will be supplied with a stenographer to take his dictation *en route*. Whenever one or two or more voters are assembled at a station he should take five to ten minutes of the train's time to address them on the active issues of the day and impart to them such political messages as have been confided to him at headquarters. This duty is imperative and should never be neglected.

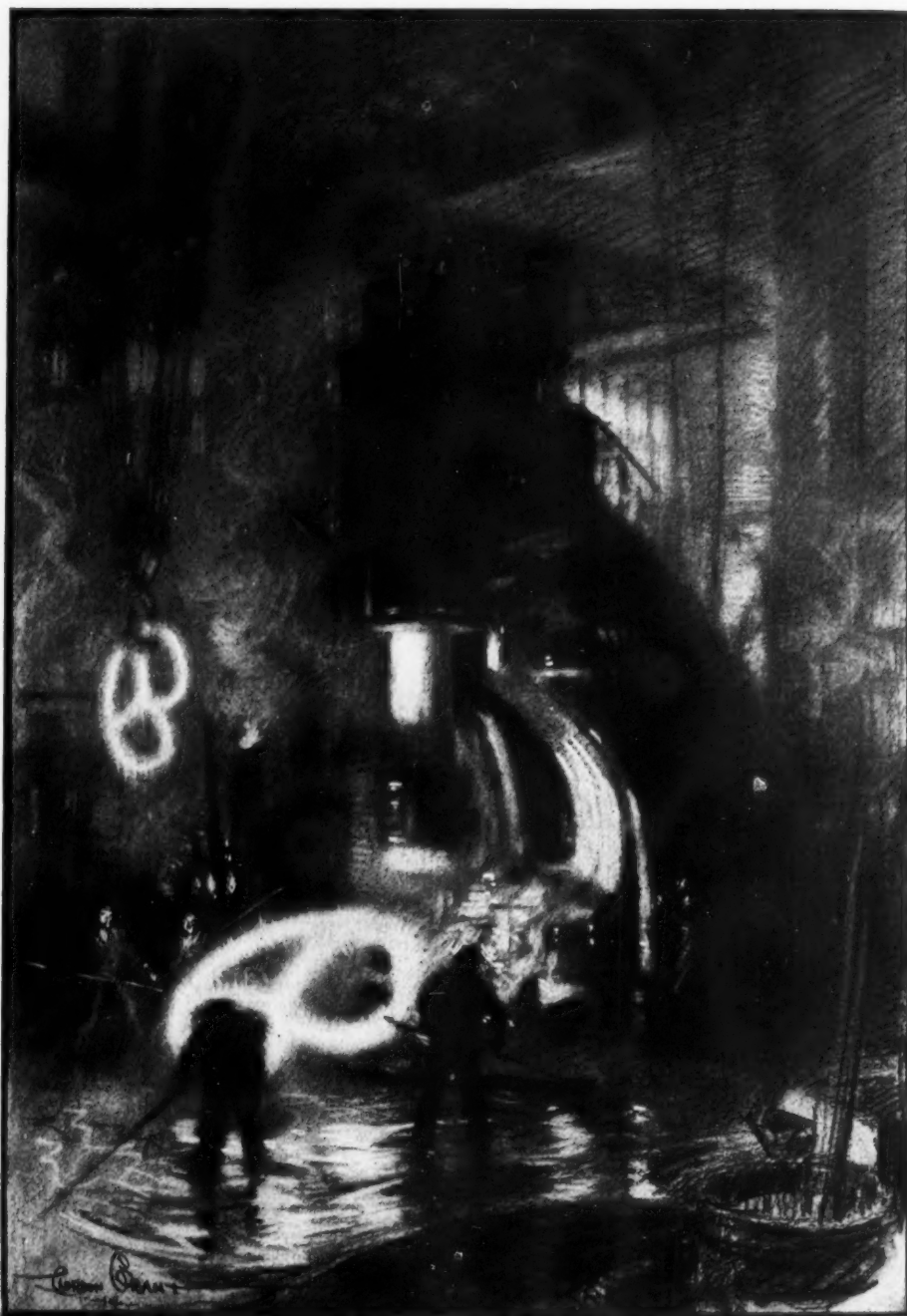
He should provide himself with a stock of stories designed to point a political precept for the entertainment of the male passengers, and must be gallant and entertaining to the females, especially to the mothers of boy children.

If he can find the time during the regular course of his station and train work he should take up such tickets as are proffered to him, and assign the duty of taking up the others to



THE WAGE SCALE

INQUISITIVE MOTORIST: Hey, Bub, what do you get for hoeing those weeds?
BUB: Nothin' ef I do, an' hell ef I don't.



"MADE IN AMERICA"

Pittsburgh Adopts the Pretzel Industry

the third flagman, otherwise known as the Full Crew's appendix.

If his political activities are so absorbing as to prevent the making of his official report to the Auditor within the prescribed limits of working hours he may defer it until next day.

The legal number of brakemen and flagmen must be carried on each train. They must be neat in attire and perfectly manicured. One must be expert in instructing passengers in the use of drinking cups so as to avoid emptying their contents on instead of in the passenger. The other must be an adept in social form and procedure, a graceful conversationalist, and familiar with the new dances, so that he may perform the duties of a carpet knight in a gracious manner, or even teach a new step in the trottery which will be provided in the observation car.

The third brakeman, usually known as the appendix, must be skilled at cards in order to make a fourth hand at bridge, if the emergency demands. These gentle and gracious young

men must not run the risk of callousing their hands by working a brake or bruising their feet by "going back," except in the direst necessity, as they may be subsequently transferred to the diplomatic service.

THE ENGINEMAN

must run his engine when not running his division. When he is on the road he may shake hands from the cab or address an audience from the running board, but he should always keep his eye skinned for popular signals and never run by a block of voters who have gathered on the right of way for information or advice.

If he should maim or kill a five-dollar cow belonging to one of the political "ins," he must promptly inform the claim agent that the animal was high-bred, especially since the strain had been crossed by a forty thousand-dollar locomotive, and worth fifty dollars, and that although he applied the emergency brakes with all his force the insatiable militancy of the beast made it impossible for him to avoid the collision.



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON



The scanty skirt is outward bound
Aboard the good ship Fashion;
The Turks accuse their Christian foes
Of prejudice and passion.
Monsieur Poincaire and Cabinet
Are tripping back to Paris;
The Germans claim
They've won the game—
(Referred to Mrs. Harris).



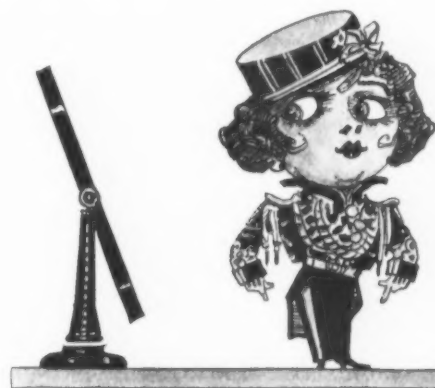
Sir Joffre threw his clutch ahead
And took a drive through Flanders;
Augustus Gardner called us geese,
And begged us to be ganders.
Sir Woodrow is inclined to doubt
Our need for armor-plating;
The well-known snow
Is quite de trop,
And we are going skating.

The ocean lanes were sowed with mines
To reap the headstrong traffic;
The Kaiser's heir discussed the strife
In terms extremely graphic.
The Austrians took Belgrade town
Four months behind their menu;
The Belgian plight
Is scarce polite,
And don't the spy stuff pain you?

A convict begged to give his bones
To scientific research;
The British fleet was sent abroad
To make a sweeping sea-search.
The Holy War is doing well
In point of killed and missing;
Rube Marquard said
He'd be a Fed,
And Italy is hissing.

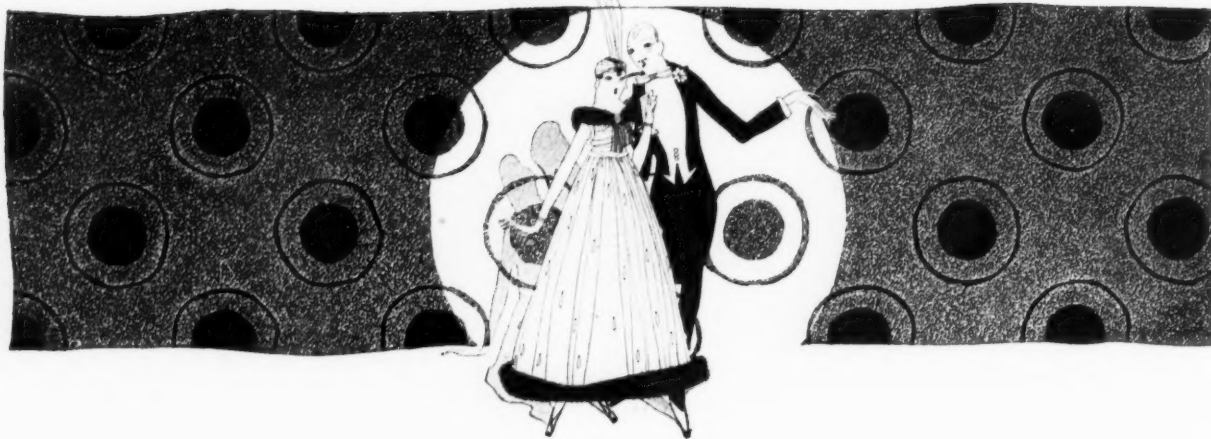
King George, the Kaiser and the Tzar
Are flitting near the fireworks;
'Twould seem as if P. Villa's troops
Were almost the entire works.
The "Tipperary Trot" appeared
In Gotham's dancing quarters;
The war has flayed
The lobster trade,
And aren't the new steps snorters?

Some sixty German Zeppelins
Have gone the way of bubbles;
The Orators of Washington
Are adding to our troubles.
The Mayor told the gentle cops
To use their nightsticks freely;
Plain cotton sox
Are orthodox,
And Greece may join the melee.



An architect advanced the thought
That Broadway was a sorrow;
Lord Kitchener does not believe
That war will end tomorrow.
An aviator dropped a bomb
On Essen uber Alles;
Along the Nile
A British file
Repulsed the Bedouin sallies.





The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Illustrations by RALPH BARTON

A Catalogue of Song Cues

For the guidance of aspiring librettists who wish to make a fortune without working.

A song (that is, a song in musical comedy) may be defined as a combination of tonsil and nose sounds, originally set and subsequently upset to a combination of violin and French horn or bass drum and trombone sounds, which, at regular intervals in a musical comedy inevitably follows upon the incorrect pronunciation of the appended spoken words and allusions:

- I
"Yes, but there's only one girl in the world for me!"
- II
"Oh, my moon—how wonderful you are to-night!"
- III
"How much do you love me?"
- IV
"What is that I hear?" . . . "It's the whip-poor-wills a-callin'."
- V
"Listen and I'll tell you."
- VI
"Yes, but there's only one town in the world for me!"
- VII
"Yes, but there's only one street in the world for me!"
- VIII
"Ah, love! What a wonderful thing is love!"



If we were to judge the relations of men and women, and the bearing of these relations upon the processes of life from the American adaptations of French plays, we would have to believe that offspring were the result of kissing.

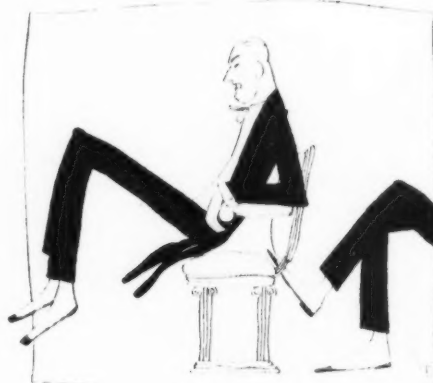


HAPPINESS

A quality of uplift imparted to one who prepares to go to the theatre, but who, upon looking out of the window and observing that it is raining, decides to stay at home.

- IX
Any allusion to gypsies, particularly a gypsy girl.
- X
"If I were the man in the moon."
- XI
"It seems to me only yesterday that —"
- XII
"Do you remember that waltz we heard on that wonderful moonlit night in Florence? It went like this."
- XIII
"Wine! What a comrade in times of despair!"
- XIV
Any allusion to the stars.
- XV
"True love lives but in our dreams."
- XVI
"Through the smoke of my pipe I can see —"
- XVII
Any allusion to a levee.
- XVIII
Any allusion to the Mississippi River.
- XIX
Any allusion to the State of Tennessee.

- XX
"She comes! The Princess comes!"
- XXI
"Those were good old days. Youth and Spring and the high-road!"
- XXII
Any allusion to a rose.
- XXIII
"Why, to be sure, I've loved other girls; but somehow they weren't like you. For you're —"
- XXIV
Any allusion to "childhood days."
- XXV
"The girlies! How I love them all!"
- XXVI
"Give me a soldier's life!"
- XXVII
"There's nothing to me like the music of the band."
- XXVIII
Any allusion to the month of June.
- XXIX
"Just you and me, dear—what a wonderful honeymoon it'll be."
- XXX
"We can't do without the girlies!"
- XXXI
Any allusion to a "garden of dreams."



After all, there is probably nothing in the world that makes one so angry as to go to the theatre, have the person sitting in the row behind stick the toe of his shoe up through the back of the chair and thus spoil one's entire evening by waking one up.



The "Art" of Acting

XXXII

"Oh, for the days when I was twenty-one and you were sweet sixteen!"

XXXIII

"It's different when the right one comes along."

XXXIV

Any allusion to any white girl named Mary, or to any colored girl named Mandy.

XXXV

"I'm awfully lonesome for a certain girl, and—can you guess, dear?—that certain girl is you."

XXXVI

"Remember the words of the Wise Old Owl."

XXXVII

Any allusion to the golden sunset fading beyond the hills.

XXXVIII

"I wonder how many girls you've told that to."

XXXIX

Any allusion (on a darkened stage) to "dreamland."

XL

"Yes, but there's another I'm thinking of—my mother."

XLI

"Ah, something (girl, man, boyhood home, native land, etc.), forever I call to thee."

XLII

"Hail!" (It matters not in the least to whom).

XLIII

"What you want and what you get are not always the same thing, remember."

XLIV

"Come, let's go to (the ball, St. George's, ragtime-jubilee, or what not)."

Two Impertinent Questions

I

Why is it that three-fourths of the laymen, and all of the dramatic critics, believe that any actor with a deep, resonant speaking voice is a good actor? Name one actor possessed of such a voice who is not so regarded and PUCK will present you with your choice of any one of the following prizes:

1. A beautiful crayon picture of Holbrook Blinn.
2. A handsome hand-tinted picture post-card of George Fawcett.
3. A lithograph three-sheet of Emmett Corrigan.
4. A study (in the nude) of Robert Edeson.
5. A life-size photo of Edmund Breese.
6. A miniature of Ben Johnson suitable for a hunting-case watch.
7. A family group showing Dustin and William Farnum.
8. A medium-size mezzotint of Robert Hilliard.
9. A beautifully framed steel engraving of John Mason.
10. A chromo of Hamilton Revelle, ready for hanging.

II

Why is acting taken seriously? Why is it still regarded in certain quarters as an art? Is not acting a purely physical business, having nothing at all to do with mentality? Isn't it all external, nothing internal? Can you imagine Eleanor Duse, for example, with a cold sore and the sniffles? Or Charles Hawtrey without his mustache?

The Puppet Shop's Letter Box

NOTE: The editor of the Puppet Shop will be glad to answer from week to week in this department any and all theatrical questions for the benefit of those seriously interested in the drama.

QUESTION: What are these "little" theatres I hear so much about?—Mrs. Peter Cable, Box 633, Cazenovia, New York.

ANSWER: A "little" theatre is an institution which exaggerates the number of intelligent persons in a large American city by 299.

QUESTION: What ever became of Sam Loyd, the puzzle king?—Louis Miller, Cleveland, O.

ANSWER: He is at present probably writing dramatic criticisms for the New York Evening Post. As witness the following critique of "The Battle Cry": "The story is developed by actual scenes and moving pictures, but such is the quality of the dialogue that most of it could be

spared and the cinematograph used in most of the scenes. The only loss under such conditions would be the color. But, on the other hand, the play makes its appeal through this very color."

QUESTION: Are you a married man?—John Tracy, New York City, N. Y.

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTION: Are you a married man?—Peggy Prentiss, New York City, N. Y.

ANSWER: No.

QUESTION: What is your view of the musical comedy "Chin-Chin"?—Charles J. Duclos, Newark, New Jersey.

ANSWER: A seat in the first row.



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THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 8)

attractive, attribution or not. That's precisely the verdict that may be passed on the majority of the Altman Collection. Many of its pictures are beautiful without their resounding names. So why worry over precision in attribution? What could be lovelier than the Gerard David, "The Christ of the Miniature" (in Case B). One must go to Bruges to better it. The Mainardi, the Barend, Von Orley, the Lippi (?), the Fra Angelico (?), the Verrocchio (?), are all of moment, despite their ascriptions. The portrait of a Lady, by Bartolommeo Montagna is a specimen of Venetian art that, notwithstanding its modest position, is as engaging as any picture in the Collection. The Hans Maier I've seen somewhere; like the Holbeins, it is characteristic. The latter are as hard as nails, with wiry silhouettes. The Francia and Messina portraits are vital.

The Sculpture

The porcelains, enamels, furniture, tapestries, and miscellaneous art objects would take a year to describe. The sculpture is generally impressive. There is the Houdon "Bather," a splendid marble, full of elusive, slippery modelling, with enough accents to redeem the figure from suspicion of prettiness. The Clodion terra-cotta was formerly entitled "The Triumph of Pan," instead of the conventional "Intoxication of Wine." (I remember it at the Doucet Collection sale in Paris.) It represents in plastic perfection the culmination of ecstasy, the very apotheosis of passion, withal, in terms of idealized art. The facture is marvellous. Only think of such a gathering of names as Mina da Fiesole, Germain Pilon, Verrocchio (?), Sansovino, Rossellino, Benedetto da Majano, Luca della Robbia, John of Bologna, Alessandro Vittoria, and Donatello—the master of them all, a rival of Michaelangelo, and, according to Rodin, his equal. I am not sure when the authoritative critical appraisal of the Altman Collection is finally made, but that his sculptures will rank all the rest. The Donatello "Madonna," the Mino "Head of St. John"—in the round and the youthful charm of which is irresistible—the Sansovino "Charity," and the "Madonna" of Robbia, not forgetting the delicious relief of the "Madonna and Child" of Rossellino, these, with Pigalle "Mercury" and the Houdon and Clodion examples linger longer in my memory than the pictures—the provenance of which needs concern us less than the consideration of their intrinsic artistic merit. Truly the Altman Collection is another gem in the diadem of artistic New York.

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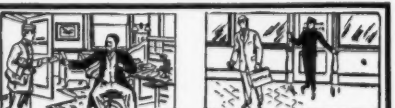
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From a College President

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"I do not believe in college athletics as at present conducted. The whole athletic resources of the institution are used in developing a team to beat other schools. The training comes to the few men who need it least. The mass of the students get little benefit. Inter-school games are expensive, they often debase the ethical standards of the school. Furthermore, they make the skill athlete the school hero, and fit the younger students and high-school boys with the notion that the great athlete is the finest product of our civilization. The same forms of social and patriotic instinct is appealed to as in the successful type of barbarian culture, and the same narrow code of morality that justifies deceit, plunder, any form of strategy, trickery, and violence in dealing with the enemy, still flourishes in athletic circles no matter how strenuously we labor to root it out. The game seems to stir and quicken the dregs of latent barbarism that lie beneath our civilization.

"David Felmy,

"President, Illinois State Normal University.

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Puck's Golf Idiot By P.A. Vaile



THE FUNCTION OF LOFT

I have been glancing over a collection of "straight tips," by leading professionals, and I think one of them is worth reproducing.

James Sherlock, the famous little Stoke Poges professional, tells us of the importance of "acquiring the habit of hitting the ball perfectly truly." He goes on to say: "Never mind about fancy shots. Don't worry about distance. Practice, practice, and practice, until you feel supremely confident of hitting the ball from the centre of the club-head; go slowly at first—you cannot expect to gain this confidence in a week or so; but stick to it, and it will come at last; and then you will be well on the way to becoming a golfer, and not merely one who plays golf. Remember—no digging! No slogging! Don't try to hit the ball off the earth!"

This is surely most excellent advice, as is nearly everything this genial little golfer says or writes.

"Don't try to hit the ball off the earth!"

Sherlock evidently means by this not to endeavor to put too much muscle into one's stroke, to the detriment of timing—in other words, not to press; but taken literally it is splendid advice. So many golfers absolutely ruin their stroke by deliberately trying to "hit the ball off the earth," whereas they should be contented merely to hit it, and to leave to the club the important function of getting it "off the earth."

A vast number of golfers forget that the function of loft is primarily, in fact almost solely, to get the ball into the air. Those who so forget are in the habit of trying to hit the ball off the earth; and, curiously, in so doing they, to a great extent, neutralize the effect of the loft.

The ball, in each stroke, should be struck truly "from the centre of the club-head," as Sherlock says, and then one need not trouble about its elevation.

Trying to hit the ball "off the earth," or, in other words, upwards, is a grave error. Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, in his famous lecture on "The Dynamics of a Golf Ball," sought to show that the beneficial back-spin of the golf ball was obtained by the lofted face of the club proceeding horizontally against the ball.

This is a rough and ready way of explaining his idea, but is, I think, sufficiently explanatory. The great scientist thought that the set-back of the face of the club caused the ball to roll up it, thus setting up back-spin.

He was, of course, very much mistaken, for, firstly, the loft of a driver is not so great as to permit of much rolling being set up on its face; and, secondly, the blow in golf is very rarely delivered in a horizontal direction. It is nearly always either an upward hit or a downward blow, and in the very great majority of cases it is an upward hit—the golfer is following the, to many, ineradicable habit of trying to "hit the ball off the earth," and this upward blow quite does away with any chance of the slight loft of the driver producing any back-spin.

Professor Tait realized this, but Professor Thomson, who followed his experiments and deductions closely in all other directions, overlooked this important point.

As a matter of fact, very little back-spin is produced by the loft of a club independently of a downward blow.

It is of great importance for players to rid their minds of the idea of hitting the ball upwards, for so long as this obsession continues it must follow that the golfer cannot get the straight and low follow-through which produces the beneficial back-spin of golf, the spin which adds so much to distance, and which goes hand in hand with the ball of good direction, for the very nature of the stroke allows what little loft there is to assist the downward course of the blow in producing the back-spin.

Now, as Sherlock says, it is most important to hit the ball truly; also, we must not try to hit it "off the earth."

Let us, therefore, when once we have got so far as to hit the ball consistently with the centre of the club-head, turn our attention to that other important point, and see that our blow, instead of being an upward blow, is at least delivered in a horizontal direction; and later, we may, with perseverance and practice, hope to acquire proficiency in the downward stroke, the father of the push, the wind-cheater, and the approach with back-spin, in fact, the most useful and beautiful class of strokes in the game—anywhere off the green.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. G. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"THE SINCEREST FLATTERY"

We quote from an editorial in that esteemed paper of papers—model of smugness—the *New York Times*. This editorial appeared on Monday, December 7th:

"Men are not made available for military service without training."

The daring originality of this thought makes it worthy to be printed in red type, and PUCK, along with the *New York Times*, regrets exceedingly that the exigencies of our immense editions makes this impossible. Going on further we discover that:

"There is no tendency among the American people toward militarism, but there is a just demand that we shall be prepared for emergencies, and there is ample testimony that our army and navy *** need immediate improvement. *** There is need for a larger number of officers than West Point now turns out yearly, a practical means of securing an effective reserve has yet to be settled upon."

The startling novelty of this suggestion is diluted so that the public can stand its consumption without danger to life and limb, because of the fact that it is almost an exact quotation from an editorial in PUCK that appeared on November 28th.

Far from accusing the *New York Times* of plagiarism, from even hinting that this bulwark of respectability could stoop to such an act, PUCK is humbly proud to have been the means of suggesting to the master mind in the *Times* tower the general idea, the thought, nay the very words, in which the editorial of that august sheet of Monday, December 7th, is couched.

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WHAT HE SAW AT THE THEATRE

PUCK IS ON RIGHT TRACK

TO THE EDITOR OF PUCK—Sir:

Your letter under date of the 11th bearing on the subject of colleges, their support, operation, influence, and ultimate effect on the manhood of the country, is highly interesting.

America wants and must have colleges, but the millions of money expended in their upkeep and operation has been, in my opinion, very much misdirected. The colleges turn out many bright men who afterwards become famous and do their country much service, and the college should have due credit for this. However, it was in the man. He went there determined to win, he bent his energies in this direction, and if anything interfered with this he threw it aside. College pranks, football, hazing, and the other side issues were only side issues with him.

There is another side to the whole matter. Unfortunately we only hear of the successes and not the failures. Many a bright young man is sent to college, gets to going a pretty speedy gait, learns to smoke the cigarette and drink the red liquor, comes back "knowing" more than his father ever knew. The old town is not good enough for him. He wants a speedier gait, gets it and is lost in the shuffle, and his case is never quoted. It is the firm opinion of the writer that Puck is on the right track.

The war in the East is teaching us a great lesson. Germany is today practically fighting all the other powers and is doing it with a degree of success that no one thought possible under the circumstances. She is doing this because of three reasons. First: The German is taught from the time he learns his A B C's to respect, revere, and admire his country, its government, and most of all its emperor. "The Emperor can do no wrong" in his mind. He is drilled in the manual of arms, serves time in the army and emerges with that reverence and loyalty that makes him at all times ready to lay down his life for his country.

Second: The men of Germany are taught in its colleges cold facts, clear business, and come from college equipped to battle with big business in a shorter time than our own colleges.

Third: Germany's organization is so thorough and so precise because of the education given the young men, that it moves like machinery and moves with such accuracy and is so effective that a thousand men do the work of three to four thousand who are otherwise educated, drilled and disciplined.

An American university army regularly drilled, consisting of the entire student body of the university, is a line to work on, and means for the future of this country more than any one thing that could happen. Very truly yours,

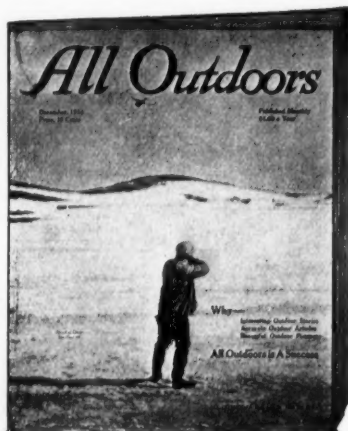
THE SHARON (Pa.) TELEGRAPH,
C. L. Slough, Mgr.

NOWADAYS

MRS. WAYUPP: Are Highflier and his wife of different faiths?

MRS. BLASE: No; of different doubts.

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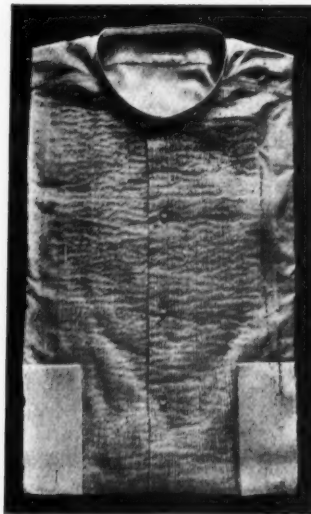
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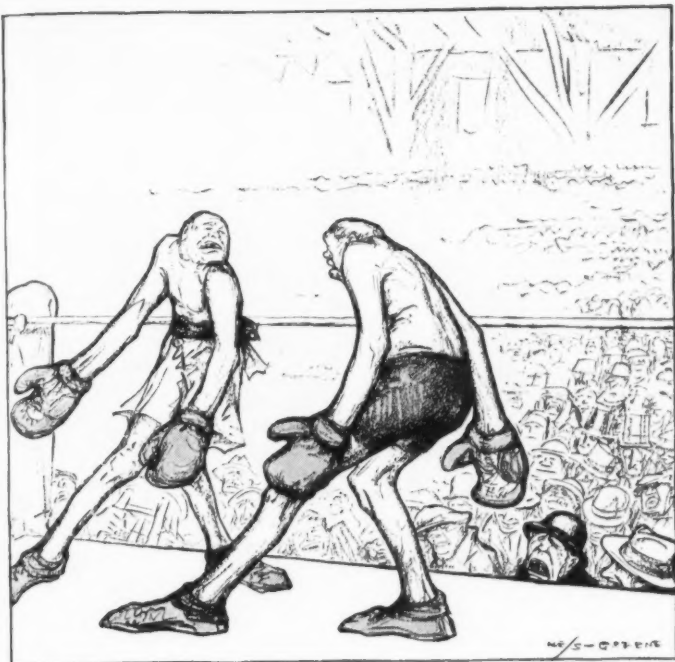
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THAT OLD SOFA

A Domestic Tragedy in Several Chapters

CHAPTER I

"My dear," said Mr. Pipkin to his wife, "while we are house-cleaning, I think we had better get rid of that old sofa. We really haven't room for it, and its springs are busted. You'd better see some second-hand furniture dealer, and sell it to him. We ought to be able to get eight or ten dollars for it, as the wood in it is fine."

CHAPTER II

"Jessie," said Mr. Pipkin, "I thought we decided to get rid of that old sofa."

"We did," said Mrs. Pipkin, "but none of the second-hand dealers I saw seemed to want it."

"So? Very likely they thought we wanted too much for it. Let them have it for anything they'll give."

CHAPTER III

"John," said Mrs. Pipkin that evening, "I spoke to the second-hand men about that sofa. They shook their heads and said they didn't want it at any price. They said it was too big. What shall we do with it?"

"Oh, give it away, then," said Mr. Pipkin, peevishly.

CHAPTER IV

"That old sofa again?" queried Mr. Pipkin. "Well, what about it?"

"I spoke to that colored man who beat my rugs for me," said Mrs. Pipkin, "and asked him if he'd like to have it. He thanked me and said he would, but that was ten days ago and he hasn't been here since."

"Give the — thing to somebody else, then."

CHAPTER V

"John," began Mrs. Pipkin, hesitatingly, "you know that old sofa?"

"Yes, I should say I did," growled Mr. Pipkin. "What now?"

"The colored man I gave it to came to get it this afternoon, and after looking it over said he'd take it away if I'd give him a dollar."

"Give him what?"

"A dollar."

"You refused, of course?"

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"Of course. After he went away, I gave it to the janitor, and —"

"Good! Why didn't we think of that before, and save ourselves all this?"

"— and the janitor said he would take it away for two dollars."

"!!!!!!"

CHAPTER VI

"Can I get a good strong axe here?" asked Mr. Pipkin of the hardware merchant.

"Yes, sir. That's our kind."

"Gimme one," said Mr. Pipkin.

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